

1830

Nora Creina

John Stevenson

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July 1880

New & Improved Edition of

NORA CREINA,

Lesbia hath a beaming Eye.

Written by *Thos Moore Esq.*

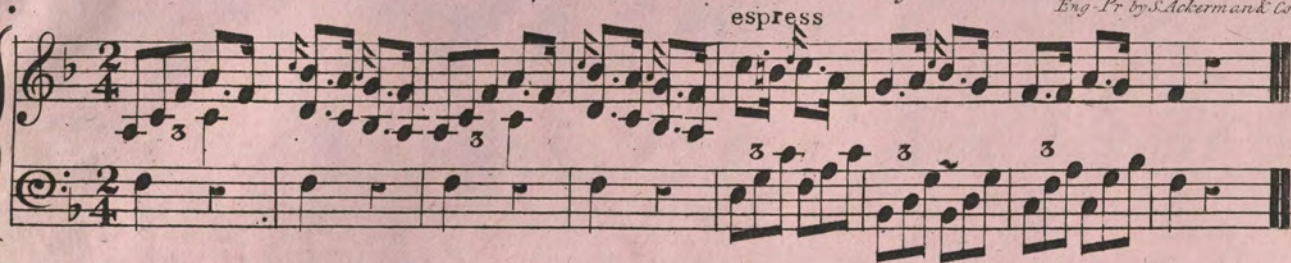
COMPOSED BY

SIR J. STEVENSON.

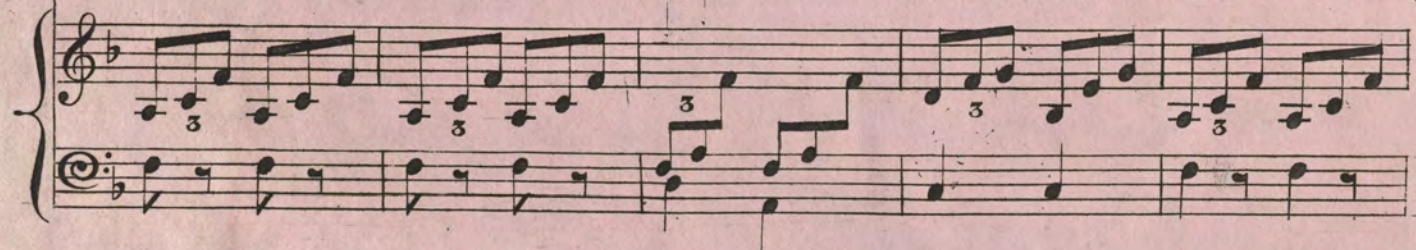
N. York. BOURNE, Depository of Arts 359 Broadway.

Eng. Pr. by Sackerman & Co.

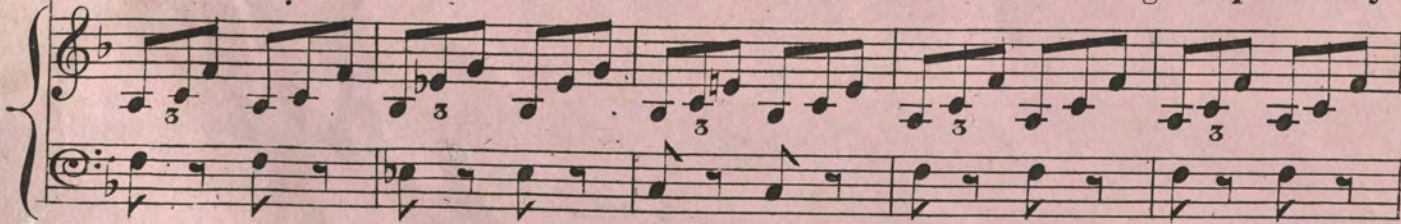
WITH LIGHTNESS
and
EXPRESSION.



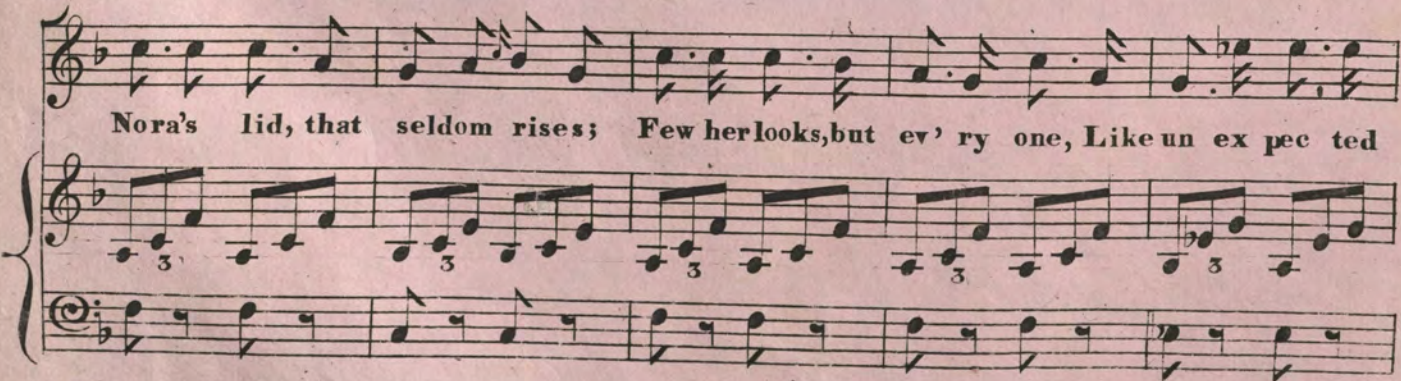
Lesbia hath a beaming eye, But no one knows for whom it beameth, Right and left it's



arrows fly, But what they aim at no one dreameth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon My



Nora's lid, that seldom rises; Few her looks, but ev'ry one, Like un expected



light, surprises! Oh, my No ra Creina dear! My gentle bashful Nora Creinal

Beauty lies In ma ny eyes, But love in your's my No ra Creinal

2

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it!
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell, as heaven pleases!
 Yes, my Nora. Creina, dear!
 My simple, graceful Nora Creinal!
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness,
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creinal!

3

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes;
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses!
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
 My mild, my artless Nora Creinal!
 Wit, tho' bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creinal!

